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DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

YOU'D NEVER
AVOID THESE
DEADLY DISCS
OF MINE--

--NOT EVEN IF
YOU HAD EYES
IN BACK OF
YOUR HEAD!

**THE
GLADIATOR
STRIKES BACK!**

WITH MY
RADAR SENSE--
I PRACTICALLY
DO!

BUT--THOUGH
I KNOW WHAT'S
COMING--
HE'S MOVING
TOO FAST!



Stan Lee PRESENTS: **DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!**™

He dwells in eternal night—but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind*, his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! Armed only with his *billy club*, his fighting skill, and his courage, he stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

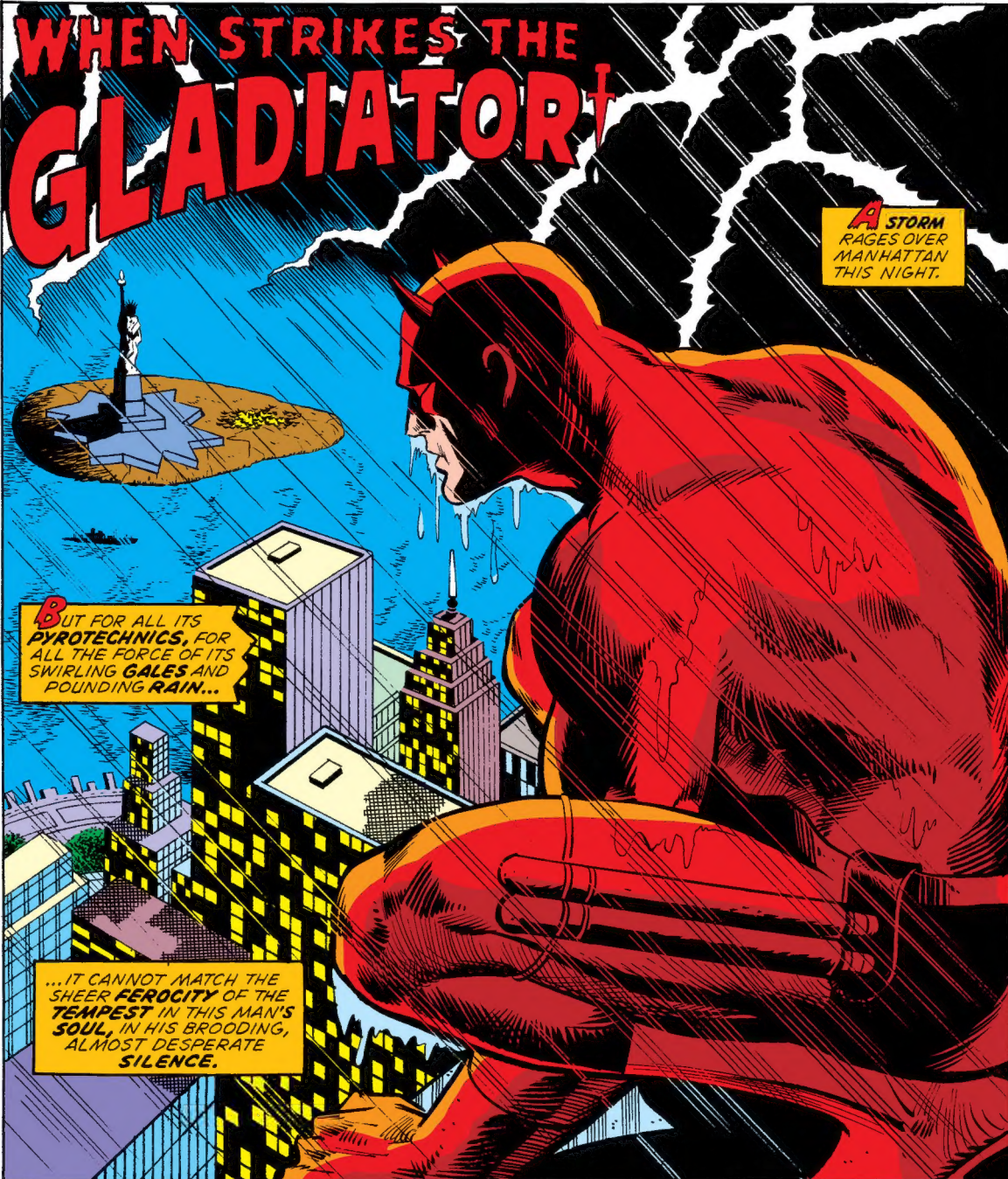
STEVE GERBER
WRITER

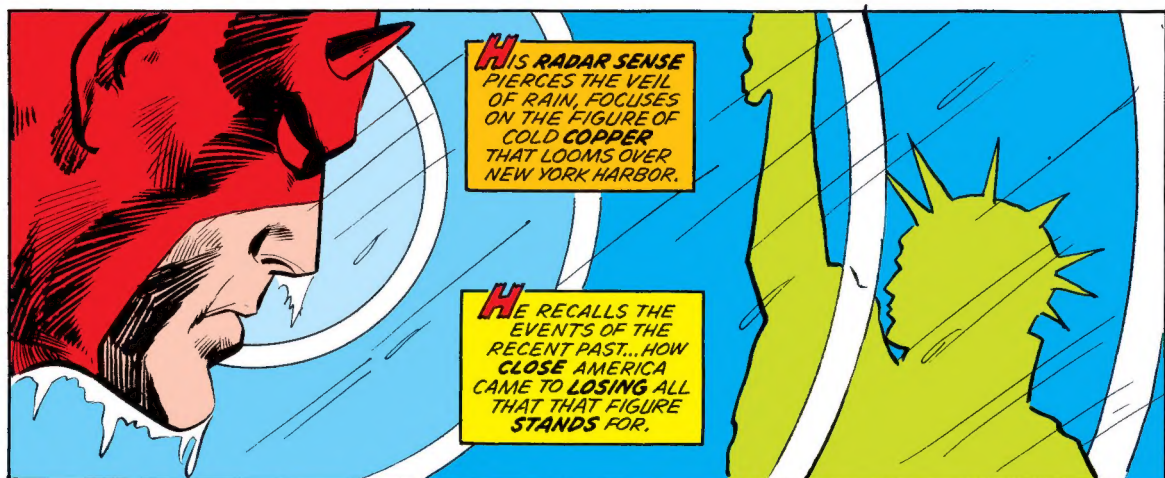
BOB BROWN
ARTIST

VINCE COLLETTA
INKER

ARTIE SIMEK, LETTERER
L. LESSMANN, COLORIST

ROY THOMAS
EDITOR





HIS RADAR SENSE
PIERCES THE VEIL
OF RAIN, FOCUSES
ON THE FIGURE OF
COLD COPPER
THAT LOOMS OVER
NEW YORK HARBOR.

HE RECALLS THE
EVENTS OF THE
RECENT PAST...HOW
CLOSE AMERICA
CAME TO LOSING ALL
THAT THAT FIGURE
STANDS FOR.



THE WHITE HOUSE LAWN-- LESS THAN ONE MONTH
AGO--THE FINAL CONFRONTATION WITH THE MAN
CALLED **MANDRILL** AND HIS FEMALE ARMY, WHO
SOUGHT THE OVERTHROW OF THE GOVERNMENT, WHO
SOUGHT TO ESTABLISH A NEW REGIME FOUNDED ON
THE POWER OF HATE....!

SO CLOSE...HE
CAME SO VERY
CLOSE...AND HE
MIGHT HAVE
SUCCEEDED...



...IF NOT FOR YOU, **DARE-DEVIL**, AND YOUR TWO **LADY** FRIENDS, THIS COUNTRY OWES YOU **ALL** A TREMENDOUS DEBT.

IT JUST GOES TO **SHOW**...WE HAVE TO KEEP CLOSER WATCH THAN **EVER**.



"YOU CAN'T TRUST **ANYBODY** ANYMORE," THE GENERAL SIGHED. "**SOMEBODY** ALWAYS WANTS TO DO THINGS **DIFFER-ENTLY**, WE CAN'T ALLOW IT. WE'VE GOT TO CRACK **DOWN**..."

HE DIDN'T... UNDER-**STAND**.



YOU'LL GET A **MEDAL** FOR THIS, MISTER. I'LL SEE TO THAT.

DO ME A **FAVOR**, GENERAL--DON'T **BOTHER**. PLEASE?

THE MANDRILL'S HATE, HIS LUST FOR **POWER**...WERE **SPAWNED** BY FEAR, REPRESSION, MISTRUST...

...BY THE **LOATHING** HE INSPIRED ONLY BECAUSE HE WAS **DIFFERENT**.



BUT WOULD THE GENERAL HAVE BELIEVED THAT?



NOPE, FORCE WAS **HIS** ONLY SOLUTION, JUST AS IT BECAME **MAN-DRILL'S**.



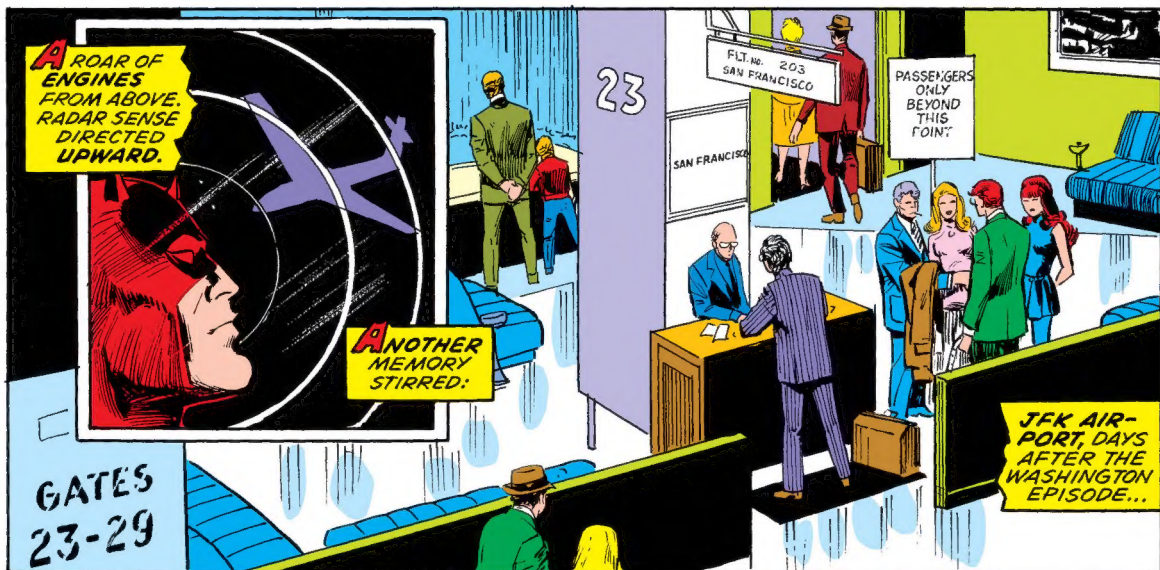
STILL...I SHOULD HAVE **TRIED** TO MAKE HIM UNDERSTAND. I DIDN'T HAVE TO GO **HUMB** THE WAY I DID.



BUT RIGHT THEN... I FELT AS IF ALL WE'D ACCOMPLISHED HAD BEEN A **WASTE**. THE OLD "WE HAVE MET THE **ENEMY** AND HE IS **US**" ROUTINE.

How good it is!

MUTUAL



MATT MURDOCK BIDS FAREWELL TO SAN FRANCISCO POLICE COMMISSIONER O'HARA... HIS NIECE SHANNA... AND ONE OTHER.

I'LL BE HEADING BACK OUT TO THE COAST EVENTUALLY, SIR. AFTER FOGGY NELSON AND I GET HIS DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE BACK IN ORDER HERE.

HOPE YOU'LL BE BACK TO STAY THIS TIME, COUNSELOR.

I CAN'T REALLY SAY, SIR. IT DEPENDS... ON A LOT OF THINGS.

BUT PRIMARILY UPON THE STATE OF THE RELATIONSHIP WITH THAT "ONE OTHER..."

...THE BLACK WIDOW!

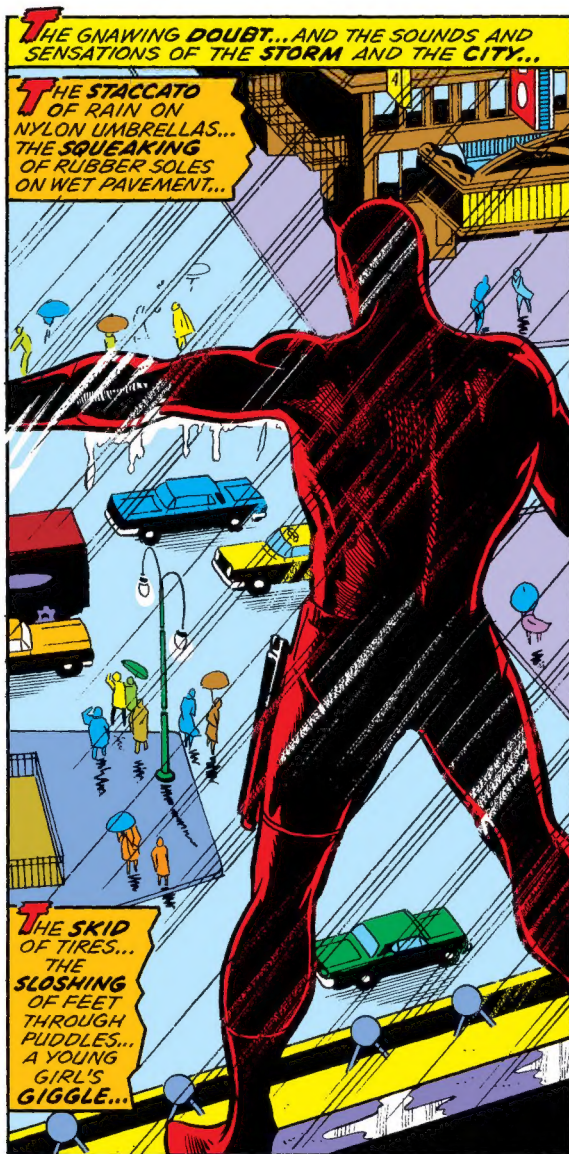
I WISH THERE WERE MORE TIME. I FEEL AS IF THERE'S SO MUCH WE BOTH NEED TO SAY-- AND HEAR.

NATASHA... I'VE TRIED TO FIND THE WORDS, BUT...

HUSH. WORDS DON'T MATTER.

TASHA....!

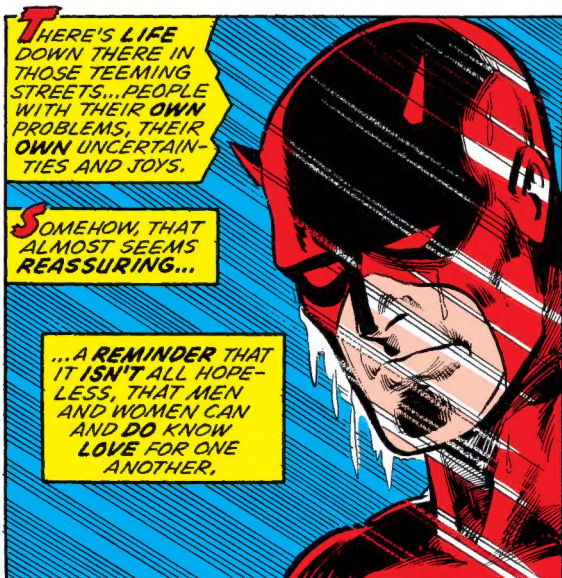
BUT SHE WAS GONE. ONLY THE NAGGING UNCERTAINTY REMAINED BEHIND.



THE GNAWING DOUBT...AND THE SOUNDS AND SENSATIONS OF THE STORM AND THE CITY...

THE STACCATO OF RAIN ON NYLON UMBRELLAS... THE SQUEAKING OF RUBBER SOLES ON WET PAVEMENT...

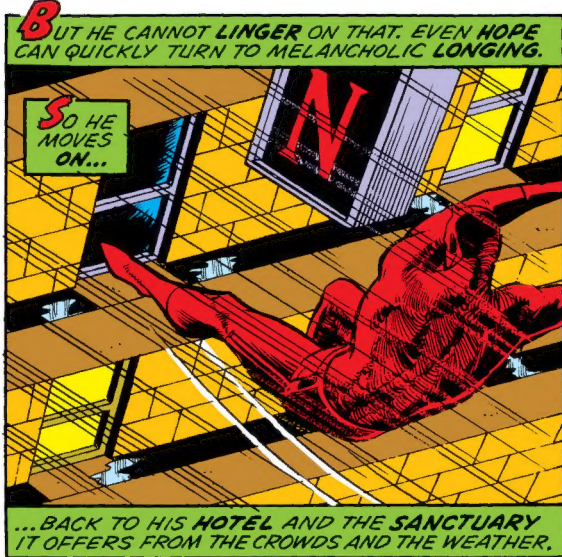
THE SKID OF TIRES... THE SLOSHING OF FEET THROUGH PUDDLES... A YOUNG GIRL'S GIGGLE...



THERE'S LIFE DOWN THERE IN THOSE TEEMING STREETS...PEOPLE WITH THEIR OWN PROBLEMS, THEIR OWN UNCERTAINTIES AND JOYS.

SOMEHOW, THAT ALMOST SEEMS REASSURING...

...A REMINDER THAT IT ISN'T ALL HOPELESS, THAT MEN AND WOMEN CAN AND DO KNOW LOVE FOR ONE ANOTHER.



BUT HE CANNOT LINGER ON THAT. EVEN HOPE CAN QUICKLY TURN TO MELANCHOLIC LONGING.

SO HE MOVES ON...

...BACK TO HIS HOTEL AND THE SANCTUARY IT OFFERS FROM THE CROWDS AND THE WEATHER.



AND YET, NO SANCTUARY IS WHOLLY PRIVATE IN THESE DAYS OF INSTANTANEOUS COMMUNICATION...

TELEPHONE---! WHO COULD IT BE AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT?

RRRING!



BUT AS HE LIFTS THE RECEIVER...

BLAST-- THEY HUNG UP! IT MUST'VE BEEN RINGING FOR SOME TIME BEFORE I GOT BACK.

AND SOMEHOW, I CAN'T SHAKE THE FEELING...IT WAS IMPORTANT.

CLICK-- BZZZZZ

MY **LAWYER...**
DOESN'T
ANSWER,
GENTLEMEN.

YOU'LL HAVE
ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY
TO PHONE HIM **LATER,**
MISS NELSON--FROM
OUR HEADQUARTERS.

WE'LL **SEE** TO IT,
MA'AM. YOU'VE
BEEN VERY
COOPERATIVE.

ALWAYS
HAPPY TO
HELP OUT
THE **F.B.I.,**
FELLOWS.

DROP THE SARCASM,
MISS. IT CAN ONLY
HURT YOUR CASE.

WE'RE
IMPOUNDING
THESE PAPERS...

...AND PLACING
YOU UNDER
ARREST. COME
ALONG NOW.

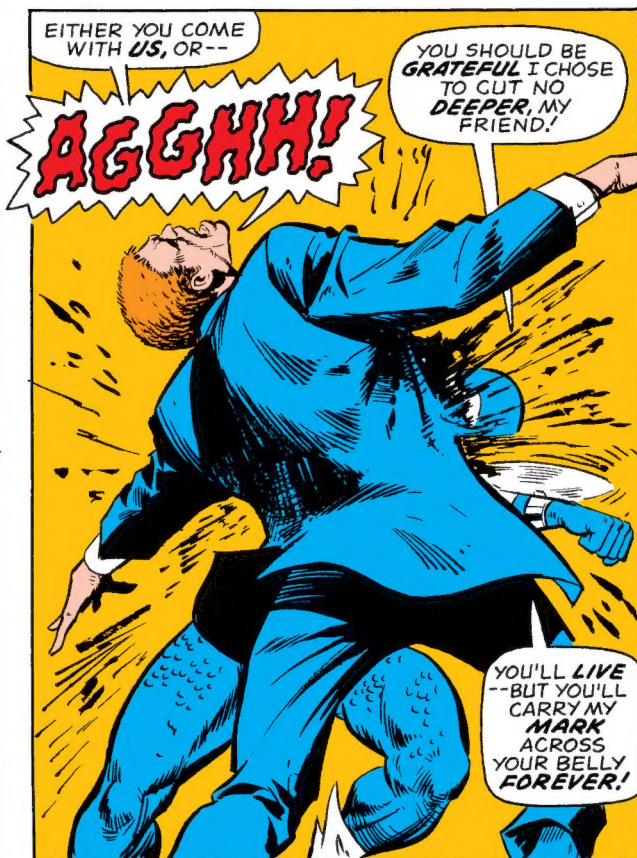
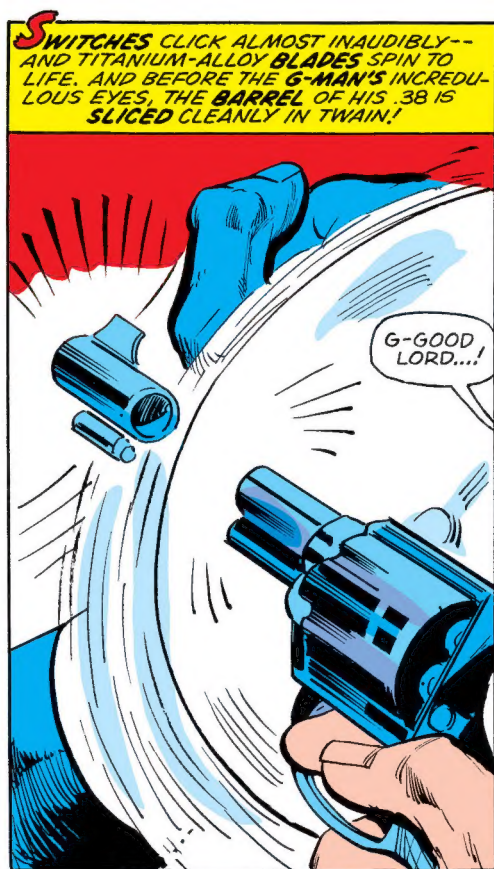
ALL
RIGHT...

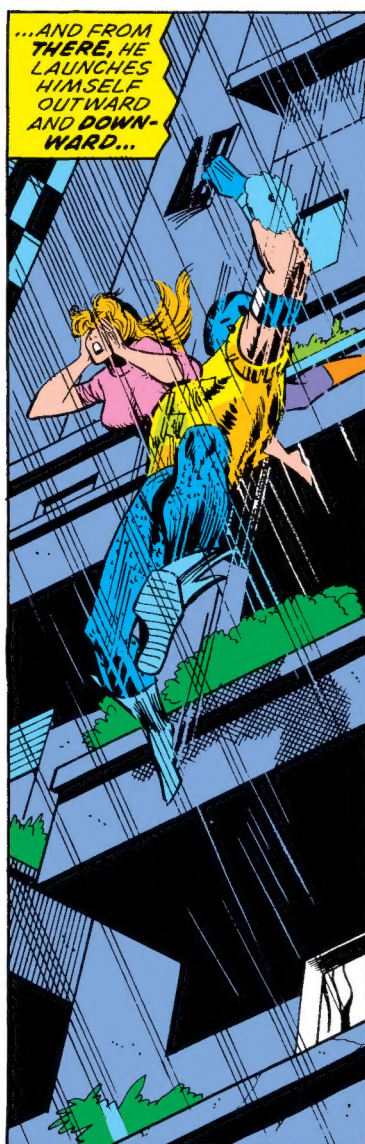
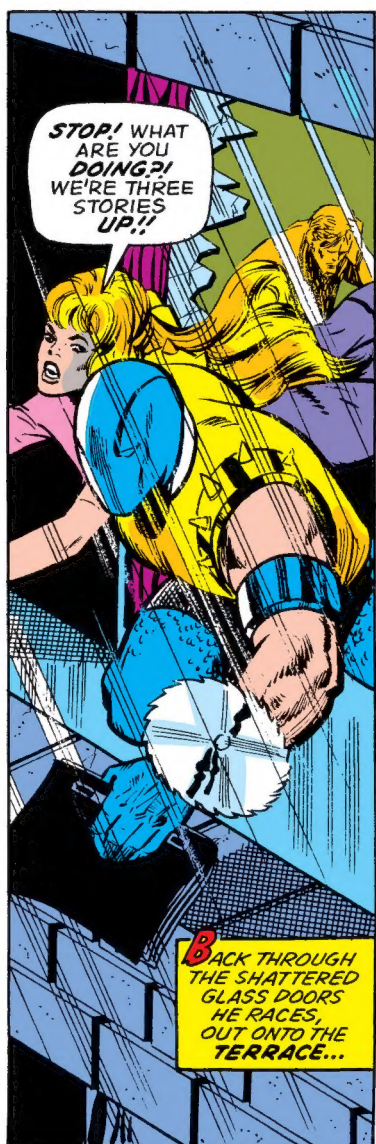
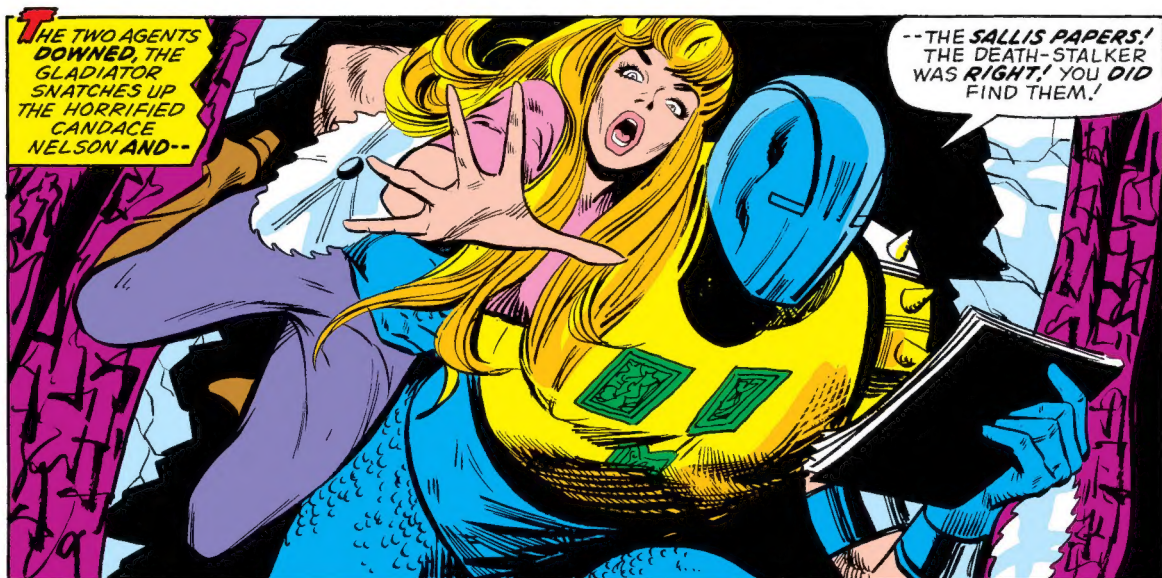
NOT ALL RIGHT, LADY!
YOU'RE NOT **THEIR**
PRISONER....!

AS OF **NOW,**
YOU BELONG
TO THE...

GLADIATOR!!

LIKE A SILVER-AND-BLUE BOLT OF LIGHTNING SPEWED FROM THE STORMY SKY, HE BURSTS INTO CANDACE NELSON'S TINY APARTMENT...AND THE ROOM ITSELF SEEMS TO GROW TO ACCOMMODATE THE SHOCK WAVES HE CREATES!





DAWN: THE STORM BREAKS.

New York
New York
New York
Daily Bugle

**D.A.'S SISTER
KIDNAPPED
FROM HANDS
OF F.B.I.!!**

AND SO DOES THE STORY-- IN THE ONE-STAR EDITION OF THE BUGLE.

NOON: FOGGY NELSON'S APARTMENT IN MIDTOWN MANHATTAN.

NO, DAD...**NOTHING**. IF I HEAR ANYTHING, YOU'LL BE THE **FIRST** TO KNOW.

MATT AND I ARE DOING ALL WE CAN.

RIGHT, I'LL BE IN **TOUCH**. 'BYE, DAD.

THEY'RE WORRIED **SICK**--AND I DON'T **BLAME** THEM.

WHAT COULD THE **GLADIATOR** WANT WITH **MY** SISTER.?!
THE SAME THING THE **F.B.I.** WANTED, APPARENTLY, **FOGGY**!

THOSE **PAPERS**--WHATEVER THEY ARE, DID SHE CONFIDE IN YOU ABOUT--

SHE **NEVER** CONFIDES IN ME--ABOUT **ANYTHING**.

THE LAST TIME WE ACTUALLY **TALKED** TO EACH OTHER WAS SIX OR SEVEN **YEARS** AGO!

SHE SEES ME AS "**THE ESTABLISHMENT**," MATT--AS PART OF **CITY HALL**--MR. CONSERVATIVE--MR. LAW-AND-ORDER--**MR. D.A.**

AND SHE FANCIES **HERSELF** THE CRUSADING JOURNALIST, FERRETING OUT CORRUPTION IN THE **SYSTEM**.

IT MAY BE **MORE** THAN "**FANCY**," OLD FRIEND.

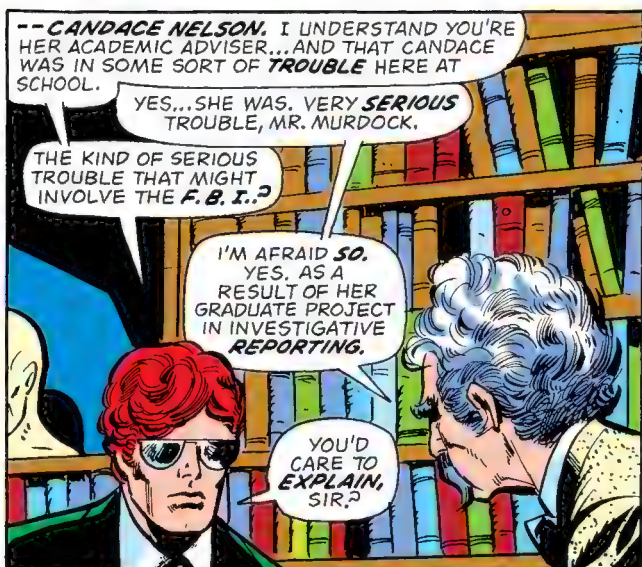
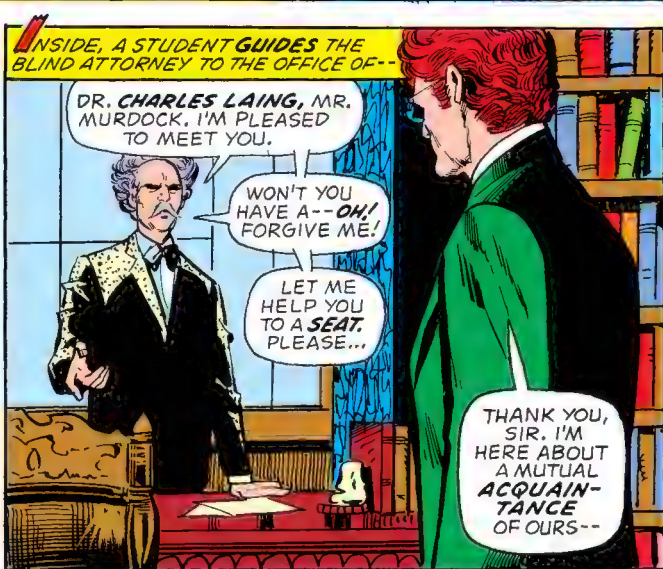
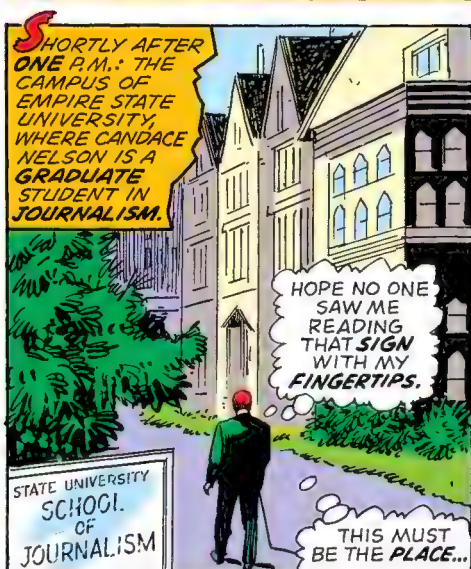
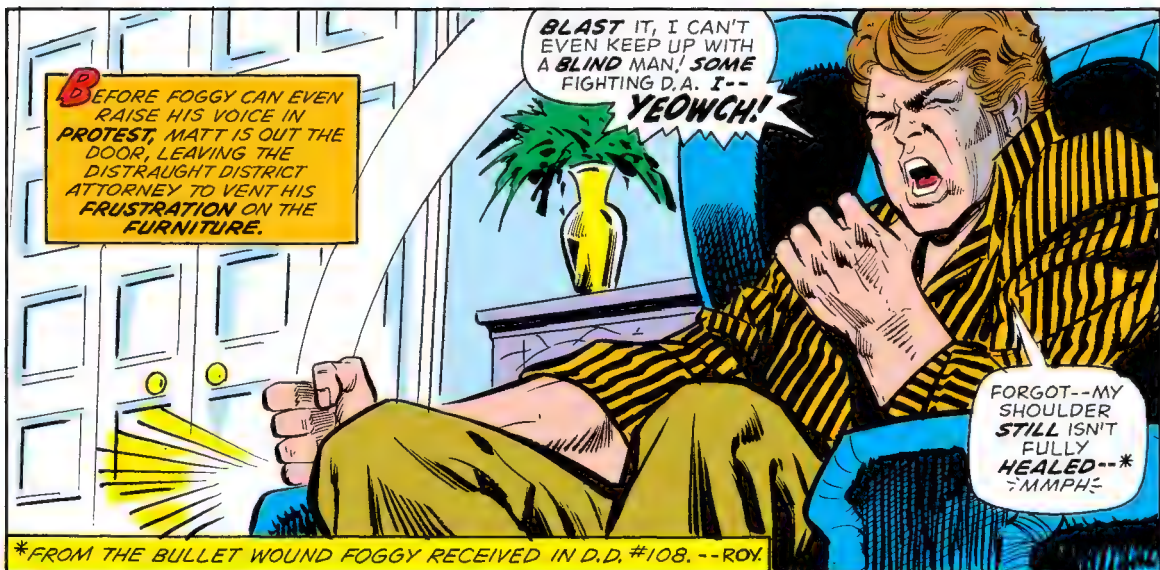
WHAT? WHAT DO YOU **MEAN**? MATT--**WAIT!** WHERE ARE YOU **GOING**?

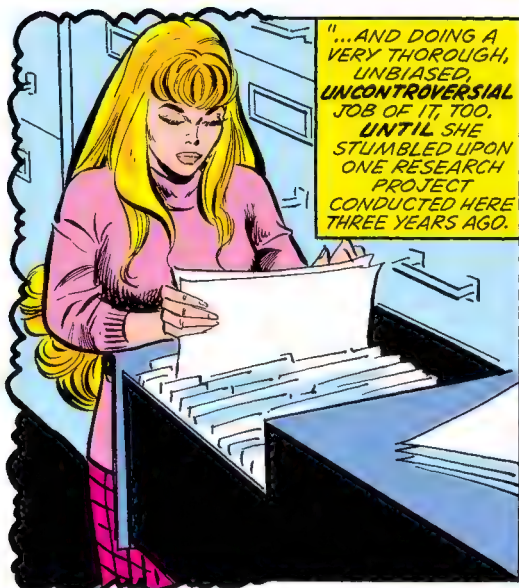
TO CHECK OUT THE CLOSEST THING WE'VE GOT TO A **LEAD**.

CANDACE MENTIONED TO ME THAT SHE WAS IN SOME SORT OF **TROUBLE** AT **SCHOOL**.

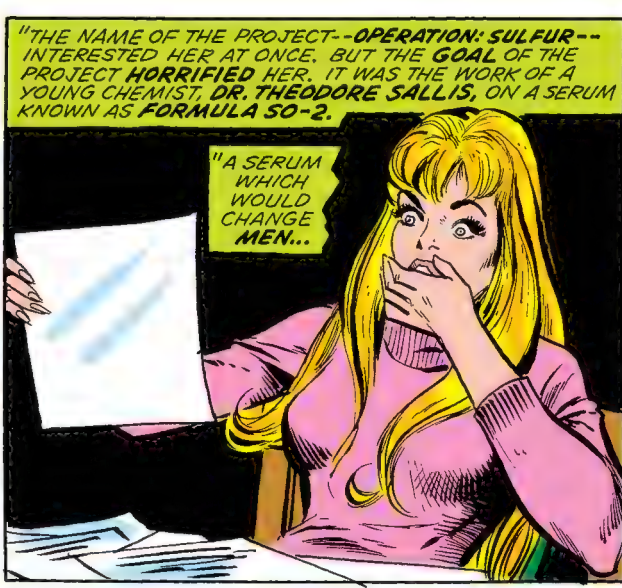
YOU STAY HERE--WAIT FOR A **PHONE** CALL.

THEY MAY **YET** ASK FOR A **RANSOM**.





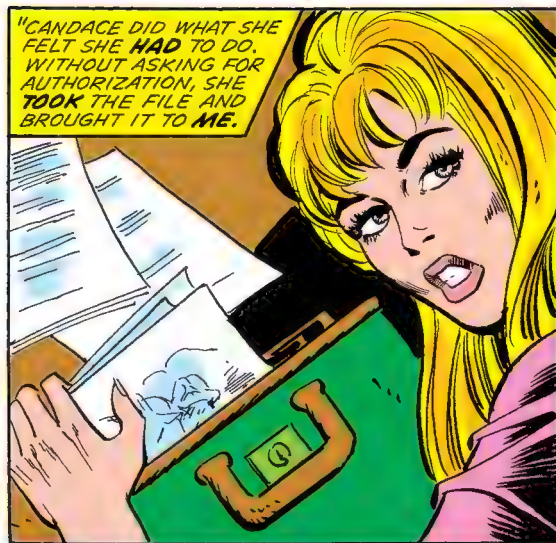
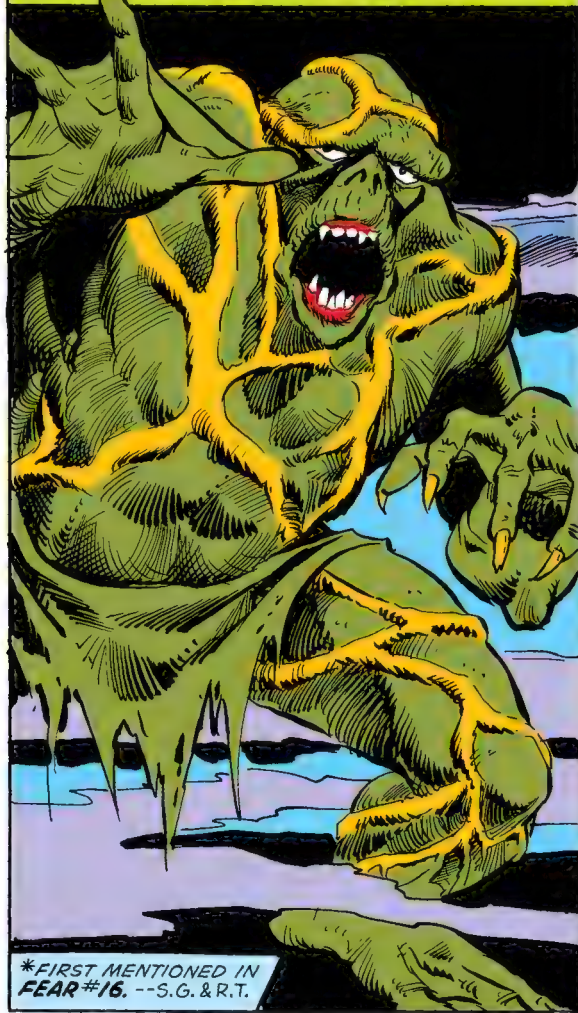
"...AND DOING A VERY THOROUGH, UNBIASED, UNCONTROVERSIAL JOB OF IT, TOO, UNTIL SHE STUMBLED UPON ONE RESEARCH PROJECT CONDUCTED HERE THREE YEARS AGO.



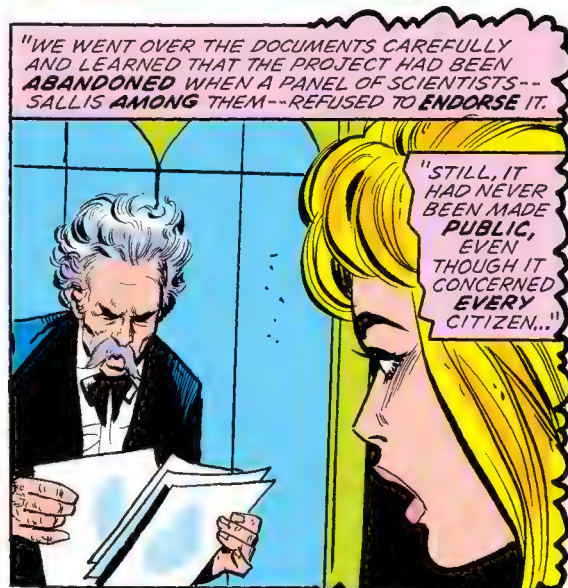
"THE NAME OF THE PROJECT--OPERATION: SULFUR-- INTERESTED HER AT ONCE, BUT THE GOAL OF THE PROJECT HORRIFIED HER. IT WAS THE WORK OF A YOUNG CHEMIST, DR. THEODORE SALLIS, ON A SERUM KNOWN AS FORMULA SO-2.

"A SERUM WHICH WOULD CHANGE MEN..."

"...INTO POLLUTION-BREATHING MONSTERS,* SO THAT THE ECONOMY AND THE POPULATION COULD CONTINUE TO GROW DESPITE THE INEVITABLE RESULT OF SUCH UNCHECKED GROWTH: THE DEPLETION OF NATURAL RESOURCES AND THE POISONING OF THE AIR AND WATERS.



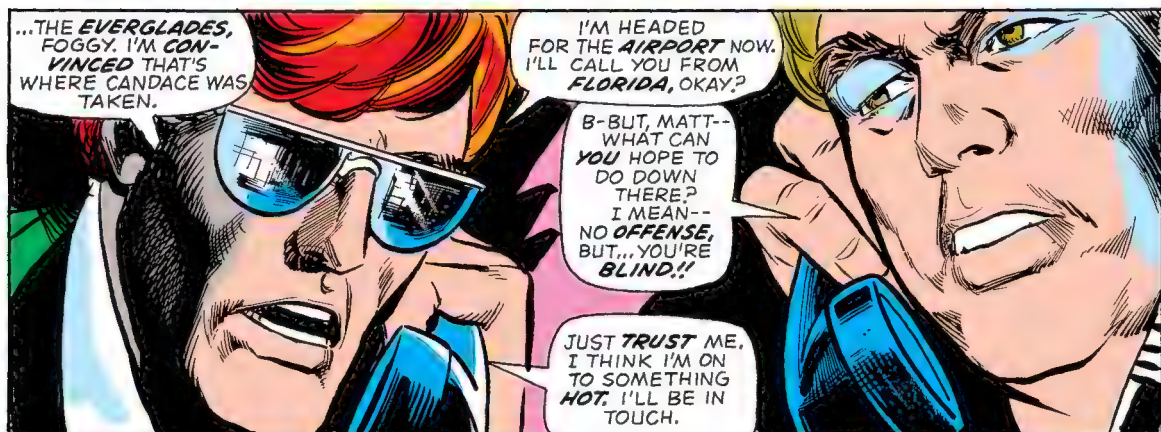
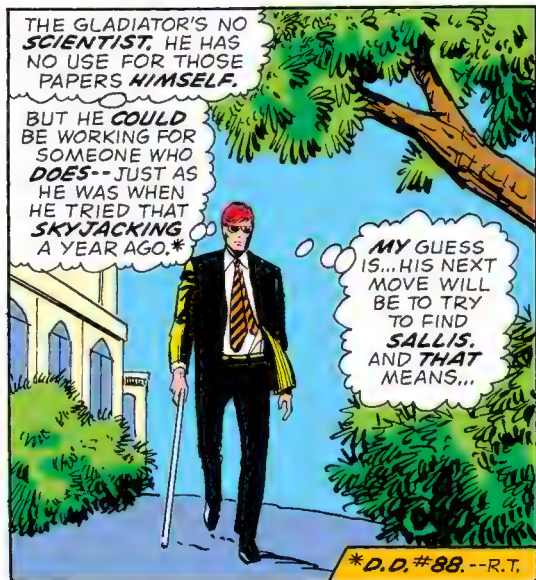
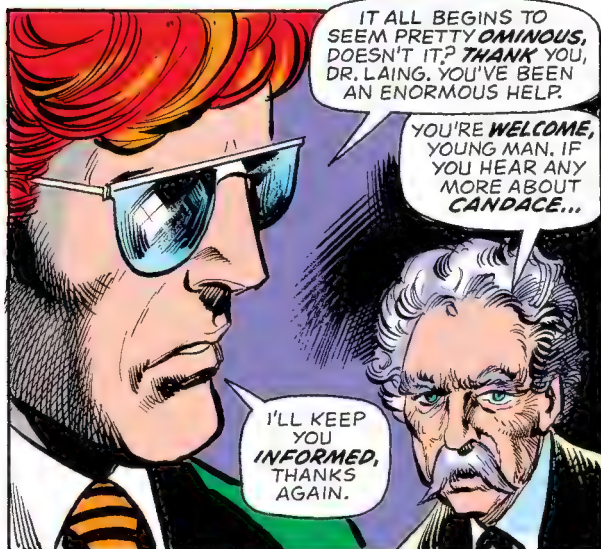
"CANDACE DID WHAT SHE FELT SHE HAD TO DO. WITHOUT ASKING FOR AUTHORIZATION, SHE TOOK THE FILE AND BROUGHT IT TO ME.

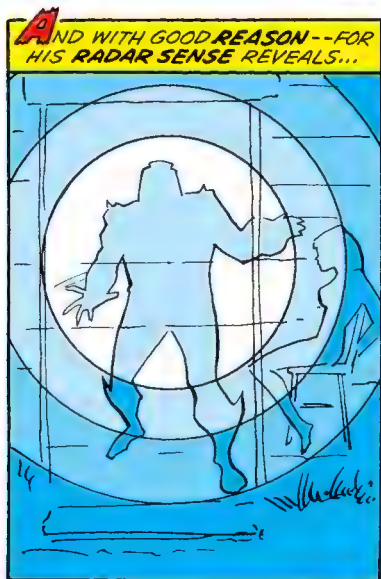
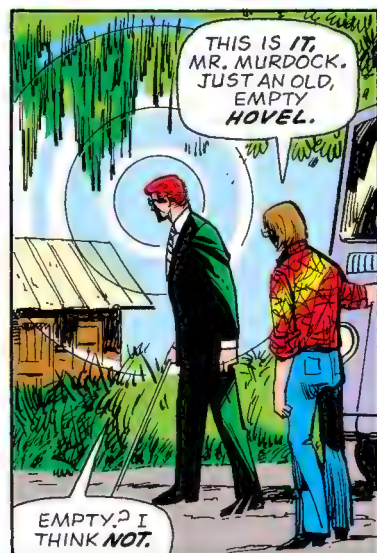
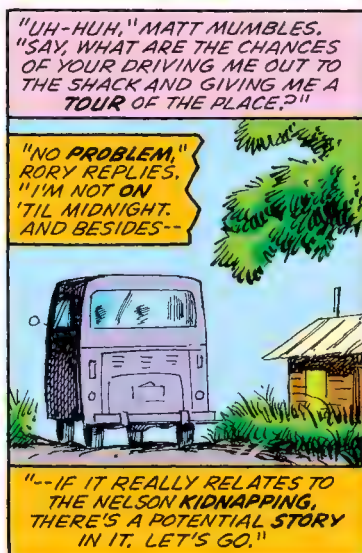
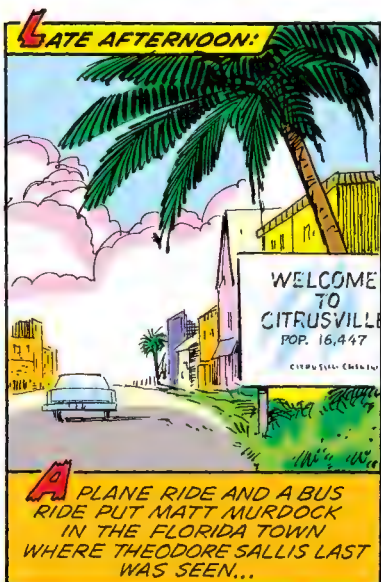


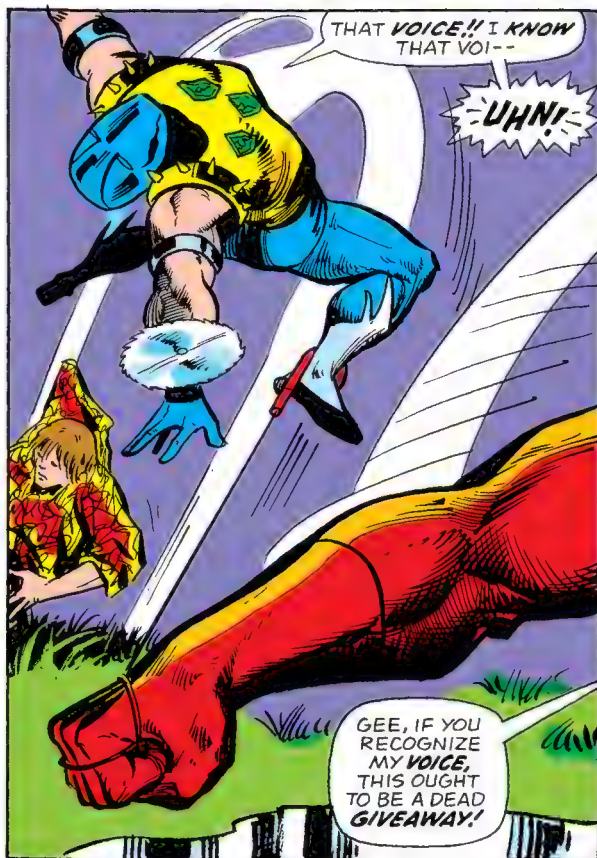
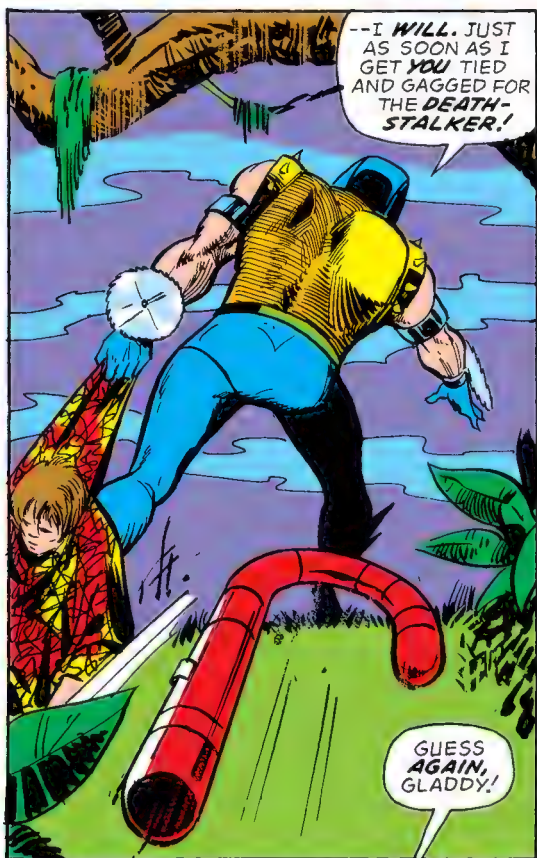
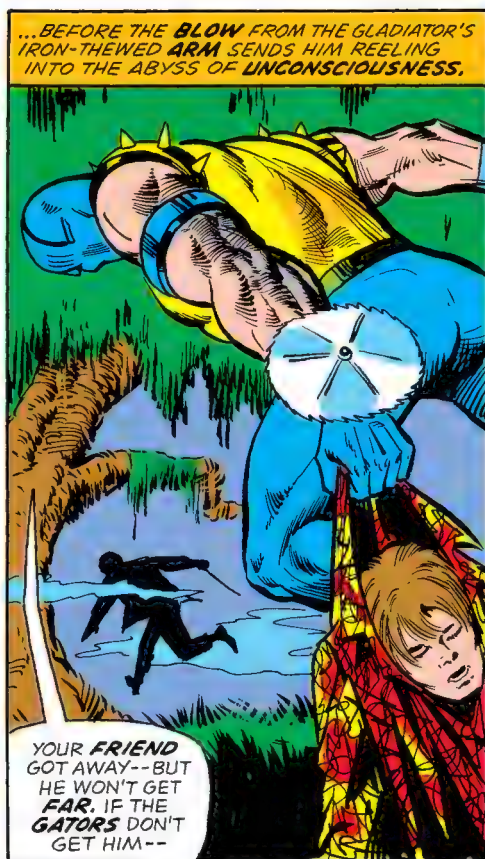
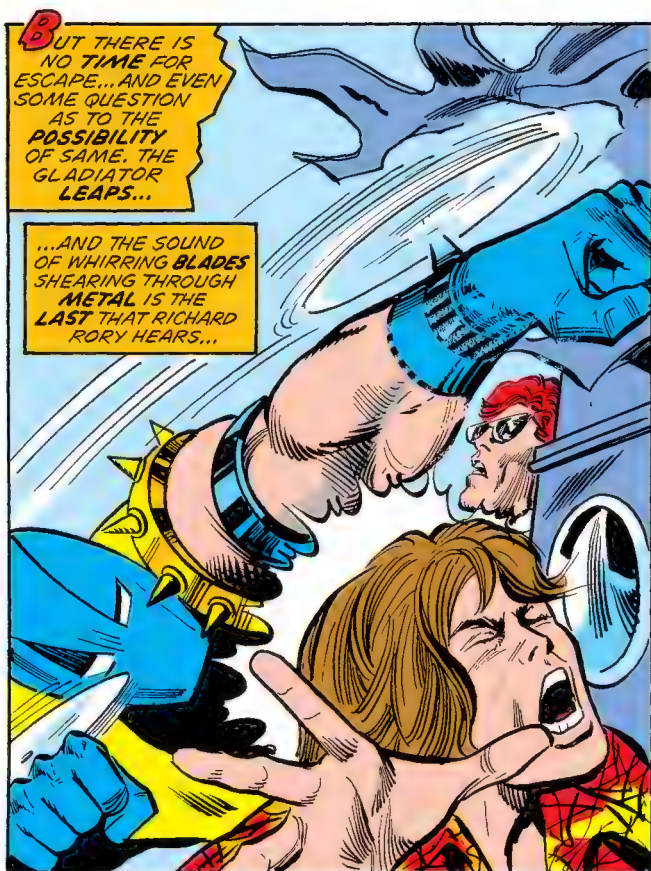
"WE WENT OVER THE DOCUMENTS CAREFULLY AND LEARNED THAT THE PROJECT HAD BEEN ABANDONED WHEN A PANEL OF SCIENTISTS-- SALLIS AMONG THEM--REFUSED TO ENDORSE IT.

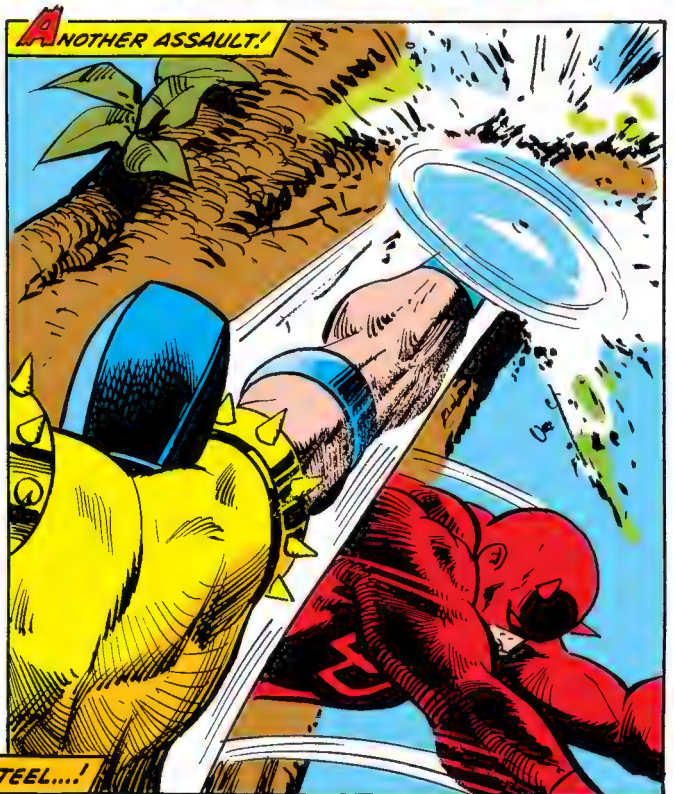
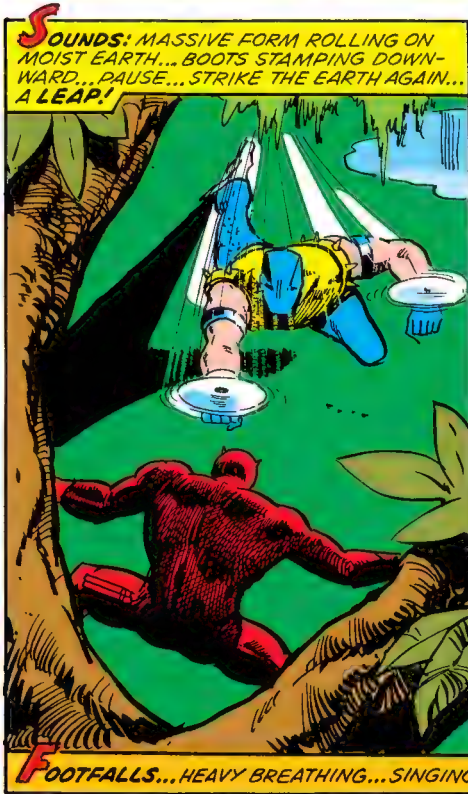
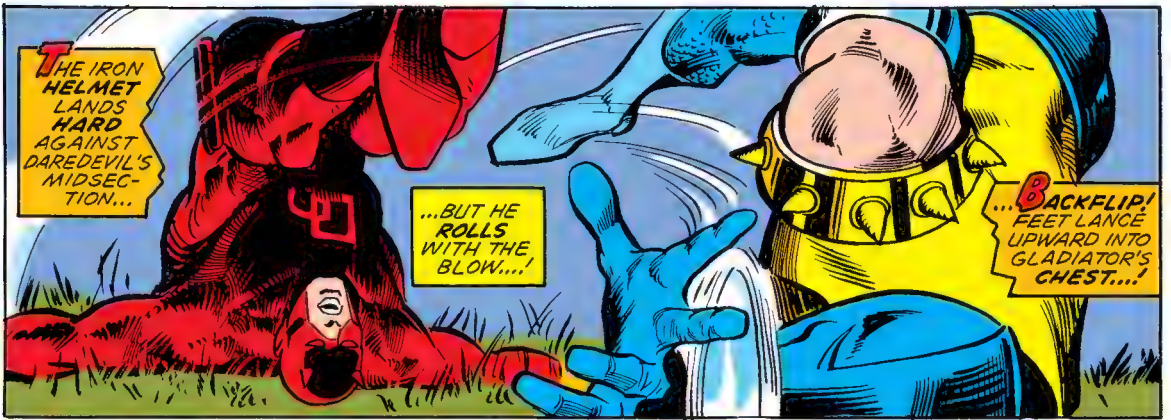
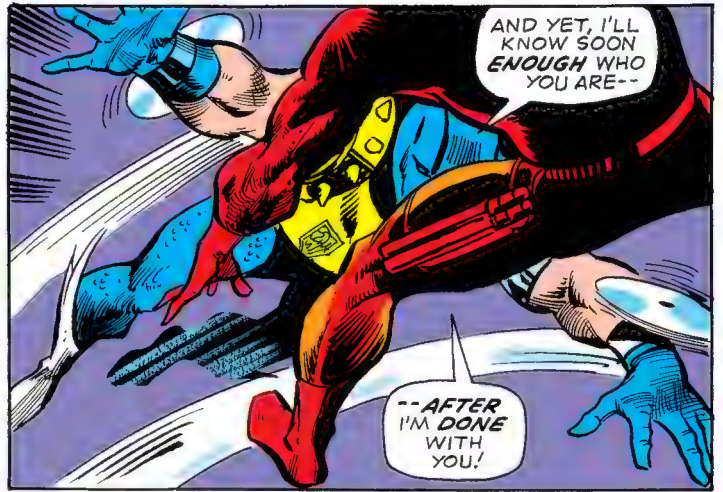
"STILL, IT HAD NEVER BEEN MADE PUBLIC, EVEN THOUGH IT CONCERNED EVERY CITIZEN..."

*FIRST MENTIONED IN FEAR #16. --S.G. & R.T.

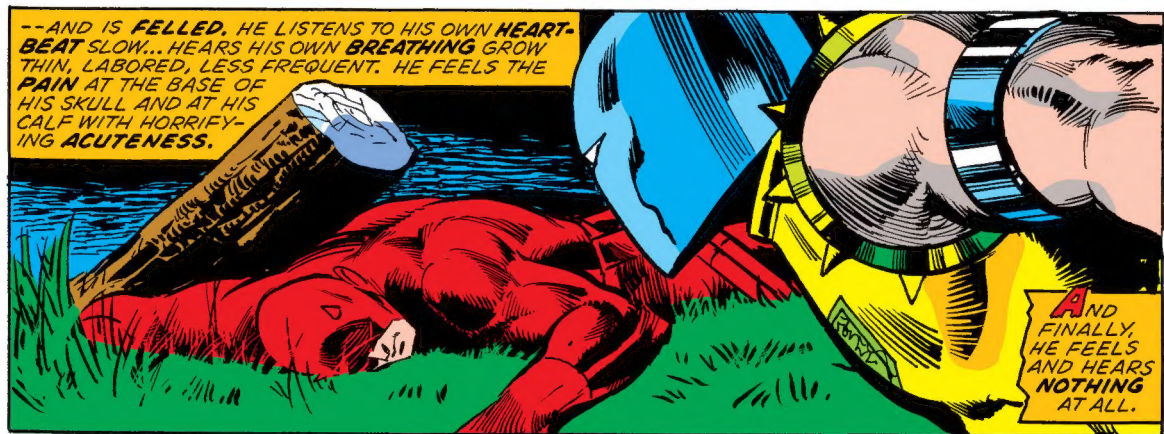


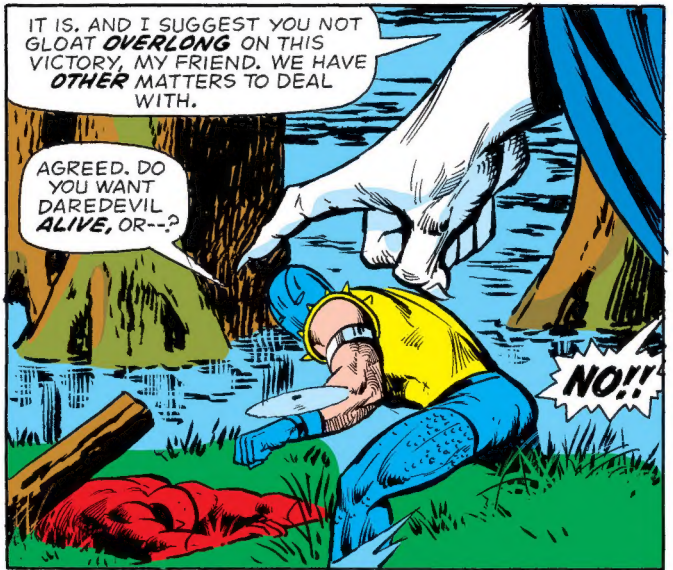






FOOTFALLS... HEAVY BREATHING... SINGING STEEL....





NEXT: THE SECRET OF THE DEATH-STALKER--
THE FATE OF CANDACE NELSON--
A TERROR-FRAUGHT NIGHT IN THE SWAMP--AND, OH YES... **MAN-THING!**



LET'S LEVEL WITH DAREDEVIL

SEND YOUR
LETTERS TO:

THE MARVEL
COMICS GROUP
SIXTH FLOOR
575 MADISON AV.
NEW YORK 10022
N. Y.

SPECIAL BULLPEN NOTE:

Never let it be said that STEVE GERBER doesn't recognize a good idea when someone shoves it in his face and screams, "LOOK!!"

The new villain introduced in this issue—the Death-Stalker—is actually the creation of a young Brooklynite named ANTHONY PEZZELLA, a loyal fan, critic, and friend of Steve's.

Anthony designed the Death-Stalker specifically as a foe for Daredevil, and when Steve saw the character and heard the general concept behind it...that was all it took. Stalky ("Stalky"??) fit perfectly into the already semi-plotted Gladiator tale for this issue.

Only one thing: Anthony neglected to provide an origin for the character! So poor Steve is presently wracking his already-overtaxed mind to come up with one as striking as Death-Stalker's visual appearance. You'll see the result in an issue or two.

Meanwhile, let this serve as a reminder that the American Dream is not dead. Maybe you have to be rich to be President, but not to have Marvel Comics listen to your ideas and suggestions.

Anthony, thank you. Take a bow!

Dear Devil-doers,

We followers of ole Horn-head's swinging adventures dared you, so you retaliated by getting the Devil out—monthly! And I love it. Hurrah!

Praise! DAREDEVIL #109 did nothing but please me. Bob Brown's pencils were magnificent. And Steve Gerber's script? Well, I'll hate waiting even the thirty days for issue #110. I'm glad to see you are bringing Nekra back into action. She is one mighty unique hate-ress. I'll be very interested in reading her origin.

I guess that the Black Widow/Daredevil break-up is permanent. As I enjoyed their team-up, I receive this development quite unenthusiastically. But perhaps D.D. #109's cover offers some hope. He still likes her.

And speaking of that cover: WOW! The composition was what I like to see. D.D. says he is unable to help Natasha, and you must read the story to find out that the reason he can't is that they are in two different cities, at opposite ends of the country! Even those word balloons were necessary, except the first one.

Jack L. Bannow
RR #2, Box 193
Cassopolis, Mich. 49031

Don't be so sure about the fate of the Daredevil/Black Widow relationship, Jack. After all, Steve isn't. And Daredevil, if anything, is less certain than ever, as you know if you've read this issue's tale. There are surprises in store—and you'll get at least a hint of some of them in DAREDEVIL #114.

Incidentally, thanks for the comments about Nekra. Steve has always felt that she was one of his most striking creations, and it's a pretty safe bet she'll be popping up again somewhere, somewhere.

And finally, mucho appreciation for your praise of DAREDEVIL #109 in toto. That issue, it seems, marked a major turning point in the mail reaction to this mag. Apparently, after too many issues of groping for a way to go, we've found a real direction for the strip. It took a while, but we're on the right track now, we think, and we intend to stay there.

Dear Marvel,

DAREDEVIL has once again returned to my Top Ten DAREDEVIL #109 was super. The Beetle, Nekra, Black Spectre, and Shanna the She-Devil. Plus the sensation of showing how the billy club works. I'm glad that D.D. has gone monthly. Steve, don't stop turning out the masterpieces.

I would like to see the return of old villains. How about the Masked Marauder, Leap Frog, the Jester, Mr. Hyde, the Cobra, and the Matador? You could also bring back Nighthawk for a few issues.

Please get rid of Natasha. D.D. should be a loner or join the Avengers. He shouldn't hang around with anyone too long.

Question: why would Candace ask Matt (D.D.) Murdock to go to a play if she knows he is blind?

Oh, well...til Daredevil burns at the Man-Thing's touch, MAKE MINE MARVEL!

Bernie DeLeo
4271 Stratton Rd.
Columbus, Ohio 43220



Uh-oh. Wait'll you see the last page of this issue, Bernie!

Anyway, to answer your question: where did you get the impression that blind persons can't enjoy plays? They can, after all, hear the dialogue. (And Candace was there to describe the action of the play to Matt.) We think, if you ask around, you'll be surprised at the number of sightless theatre goers.

As for the villains you'd like to see back...there's a new Jester story in the works, and you'll be seeing it after the wind-up of the Gladiator/Death-Stalker series. The others? As the old line goes, when you least expect it...

Okay now,

DAREDEVIL #109 showed me that you plan to give Matt a new love interest, Candace Nelson, and ease the Black Widow out of the picture. Although I abhor this move for a variety of reasons, I guess your reasons for doing it will soon become clear. I can only say that I hope you will not plunge Natasha into oblivion as you did the Cat.

Bravo on Shanna's appearance!

Bonnie

(no surname or address given)

Candace Nelson as a new love-interest for Matt?

Maybe. Maybe not. We're not saying.

We will say this, though. The opinion seems equally divided at this point as to whether or not Natasha should remain a regular in the DAREDEVIL mag, and we're interested in hearing from as many of you as possible before we make a final decision. So, WRITE!! All of you! Right this minute! Grab whatever's at hand—stationery, post card, the envelope from your telephone bill, your baby brother—and jot down a line or two and send it our way!

Dear Roy, Steve, and Bob,

You're always asking us to write, no matter what, so that's what I'm doing.

The Gil Kane-Frank Giacoia cover on DAREDEVIL #109 wasn't too bad, but Horn-head looked—clumsy. As for the interiors, Bob Brown is a top artist in my book. However, Don Heck is the wrong inker for him. He gives dimension but is sketchy and tends to offset detail. I rather enjoyed, to say the least, the inks of Paul Gulacy over Mr. Brown's pencils and wouldn't mind seeing this pair as a regular team on D.D.

As for the scripting, I can only say this: this issue was the shot in the arm that D.D. has needed for quite some time. Combining the elements of mystery with the costumed vil-

lain/mystery organization concept fits especially well into the DAREDEVIL groove. D.D. is a man without fear, but most of us tend to forget that he is a man of mystery, too. (this ought to sound good to Steve, especially coming from a fellow St. Louisan.)

Dave Kalis

7570 Byron Place

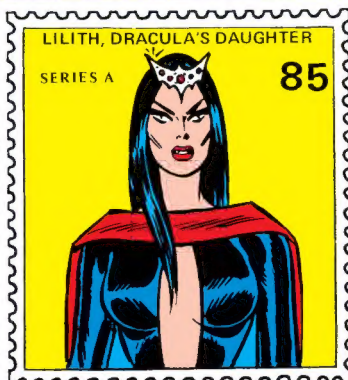
Clayton, Mo. 63105

Praise always sounds good, Dave—to anybody!—no matter where it comes from!! But you were right: Steve enjoyed reading your letter.

This issue gets D.D. back solidly into the man-of-mystery role, we think. And you can expect to see this angle explored even more fully as time goes on.

As far as an inker for Bob Brown—we think we've found our man. And we're embarrassed to say he was under our noses all this time. We're speaking, of course, of valiant Vince Colletta, who inked this issue—one of Bob's best pencil jobs since taking over the strip, to our way of thinking—in grand style. If this one doesn't knock you out, we're gonna retire to Pago Pago and write funny animal comics for the rest of our lives. (Ooops! Sorry, Steve; we forgot about Howard the Duck!)

NEXT ISSUE: The wildest four-way battle you've ever seen, among Daredevil, the Gladiator, the Man-Thing, and the Death-Stalker! And wait 'til you see Stalky's macabre power! Plus: more on the Black Widow! Foggy Nelson! Richard Rory! And we may even find room for a plot! Don't miss DAREDEVIL #114! 'Nuff said?



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